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Some Young Men Were 'Held.'

(Asa Stanley Goodrich, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

It was only after much urging from the superintendent, and much prayer and thought, that I consented to take the class. I was warned that the field was about dead; that I had better put my energy on a younger class; that these were of 'graduating' age; some were gone, and the rest would likely soon follow. I think this last decided me.

It was a class of every-day wide-awake young men, whose ages ran from nineteen to twenty-four. They were somewhat demoralized by having had no regular teacher for some time, and no class-room, and teaching a class of young men in a crowded room is like—well, like nothing else on earth. They were high-school students, clerks, a doctor's assistant, a young man of leisure, and a farmer's son,—the last by no means least. Quite an assortment, and one to fully task all my weak powers,—for this is history, and not fiction.

I first called on each of the eleven whose names were on the class roll. Two had left town, and one, in a saloon, was apparently lost to us entirely. Only three of the remaining eight could be termed at all 'regular,'—but three was a host.

I next called for a class-room. No spot seemed available, but superintendent and school board had no peace until we found a corner unoccupied,—a small hall leading to the kitchen, and used for cutting cake, dishing cream, and storing valuables(?).

Here was my first chance for 'a gude grip o' them,' and the services of 'my boys' were enlisted, and, with soap and water, paint, kalsomine, and 'elbow grease,' we made a cozy den.

The school board gave us a carpet, one member of the class gave a fine copy of 'Gethsemane,' a friend gave (through a member) 'Christ before Pilate,' and another sent us a pretty Japanese screen.

I found that two things always please; namely, to give each one something to do, and to be dead in earnest. I said, to start with: 'If I can be used in helping you have a good time, I am yours. If anything I have or can get, anything I can do, if little dinner-parties or excursions or games or athletics, any or all of them, will help you, we will have them. But I want you to remember that I am here with one purpose,—to bring each one of you to know and love Jesus the Christ as your best friend and your Saviour. Whatever we have, or whatever we do, I never lose sight of my one purpose.'

And I think this was my stronghold,—for, after all, the young man wants love (and wants it shown while he is living), he wants earnestness, and he wants the frank, plain truth. I fear that many teachers try so hard to be 'harmless as doves' that they—well, they succeed.

The young farmer took us on a sleigh-ride and entertained us at his home, and we went up and helped him with his hay, and praised his mother and her cooking.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—PURITANS RETURNING FROM CHURCH.
—'Home Words.'

The young man of leisure was handy with tools (and money), and made us a table, that we might all use pens and ink. Our ink-wells were made by pushing two little bottles through a pasteboard box (for black and red inks). The drug clerk was given the result I desired, and asked to hunt up the chemicals for an experiment before the class. The schoolboys made the many maps and charts we used.

The embryo physician was asked to work out certain lessons from a physical or a scientific point of view, sometimes with objects. One good fellow made us a blackboard of carriage cloth, covered with liquid slating and mounted on a curtain roller. One was asked to look after the sick, and another followed up delinquents.

Personally I knew my boys. I knew their work, the books they read, the company they kept, their families and homes, their favorite sports, and their special temptations. If one was absent, I called with some flowers and regrets that he was ill, and hoped he would be out by next Sunday.

A birthday letter, with perhaps one rose, always pleased. I took tea with them, and had them at my bachelor room for an evening, and later in my home.

Sometimes a card to carry home would serve to keep the truth before them. I remember one written in black and red which said:

DO YOU BITE
ON A
BARE HOOK?

This was hung on a fish-hook, and, a yea

after, I saw one hanging over a boy's mirror.

Then I was always in my place. Nothing but sickness could keep me away, and I was never sick.

Did I have discouragements? Well, I thought I did. One Sunday, after very special preparation, I found only one scholar,—an unheard-of event. But 'twas the most blessed hour I could know when that young man, who was to go out into the world that week, knelt with his arms about me and gave his life anew to my Master. From that day four years ago I never saw him until last week, but his record has been clean.

I held my boys—eighteen of them finally—by giving myself for them. I often spent much of the night in prayer. I often studied a large part of the night. I used all the helps 'getable,' but in the class we all used our Bibles, and not lesson helps.

Finally, I lived for them with the one thought in mind, and by love and God's help I held them, and do hold them.

P. S.—And we have the boy from the saloon with all the rest of it.

As may be readily imagined, after leaving the prison, John was often a welcome guest in the home of his chaplain, and was esteemed by all the household as an earnest Christian man. Once, for a purpose, the chaplain asked him: 'John, how do you feel when you think of that old wicked life of yours?' 'There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,' was his prompt reply with glowing cheeks and beaming eyes. 'But,' he added in subdued tones, 'when Major Cole was here, he asked me to write out my life. I took my pen and tried; but, as I thought of those old days, the hot tears came and I threw down my pen and told him I could not do it.'

Then the glad look came into his face again as he held up the open book he had been reading and continued: 'But, if my sins were written down all that page, with my name, John R., at the top of it, and upon all that page, with my name, John R., at the top,' moving his finger from top to bottom of each page as he spoke, 'the dear Lord would come with that hand of his, the blood flowing from the hole in it, and he would rub his hand over both pages and there would be no sin left for God to see.'

Taught by the Holy Ghost, this ignorant sailor had come to know the blessedness of him whose sin is covered by the atoning blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Watch.

(Rev. J. M. Lowden.)

Jesus's advice was, 'Watch.' Remember, the enemy most often comes as an 'angel of light.' Young people, look well to your associates and amusements. 'The devil as a moral farmer has many hired hands. He does most of his farming by night. The danger period of a young person's life is the space between sunset and bed.' Make it your purpose to give the devil no opportunity for seed-sowing in your heart.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Victorian India Orphan Asylum.

The abundance of the rainfall in Central India, greater than for some years past, and the sight of the country dressed in living green, has gladdened the hearts of the natives and filled with rejoicing the faithful missionaries who for some years past have worked amidst such terribly depressing scenes of destitution and suffering caused by the famines which have been so frequent.

Now all is changed and gladness prevails in the prospect of a good harvest, the relief works have been shut down, and the poor-houses closed; the latter, however, has had the effect of depriving a number of helpless little ones of temporary shelter, and some of these in a most pitiful condition have recently been received into our orphanage. As our funds are inadequate to meet the requirements of this most interesting, much-needed- and successful work we trust the sympathy of more readers of the 'Messenger' will be aroused, and that they will gladly seize the opportunity of becoming helpers in this grand work of training India's neglected little ones to become shining lights for Christ in that land of heathen darkness, many of them doubtless to become Christian missionaries.

In the last article that appeared in connection with this work (Sept. 26), our fine new buildings at Dhar, Central India, were referred to; a letter descriptive of the opening, addressed to a friend in Australia, has recently been received, and the following interesting extracts are taken from it: Referring to the terrible famine in the Bhil country in 1899, when one-third of the population died, it says, 'Hardly three years have passed and who could recognize in the robust, clean, well-trained and happy girls we saw at the opening the other day, the miserable, sickly children who first lay trembling on the doorstep of the house, often too weak to stand, or even to speak; . . . they grind their corn and cook their food, they know how to read and write in Hindu, they sing their hymns and say their prayers with all their heart and devotion,—and they are living pictures of happiness. Among many other things they have learnt the use of a needle and can make pretty drawn-stitch work for tea-cloths, handkerchiefs, etc.; and last, but not least, they have given the greatest assistance in the construction of their new home. It was commenced about the middle of May, and from my window I used to see it grow with the rapidity of a mushroom;—there were the strong Bhil girls carrying to and fro, on their heads, baskets full of stones, or bricks, or tiles, or big gurras (earthen-jars) of water to help, and, I should say, put to shame the naturally slow and lazy Hindu mason. And only six weeks later there we were sitting in the verandah of the completed house with all the girls, neatly dressed in their red 'sarees,' with beaming faces, singing God's praises, the Political Agent (Britain's representative there) declaring the new orphanage opened, all the Dhar State officials, and the dear kind Miss O'Hara the picture of well-deserved contentment at seeing the completion of the work. Since, they have been laying out a garden and a cornfield round their house and you should see them digging, planting young trees, etc.'

The above graphic description by an outside observer, of the good being done, fills our hearts with thankfulness, and leads us to hope that many others will deem it a privilege to have a share in this work which has been so richly blessed and has already yielded much fruit, though only commenced in 1897. The society is composed of members from the different Protestent churches; the membership fee is $1.00 a year, and the cost of maintaining an orphan $17.00 a year. A number of the children are supported by Christian Endeavor and missionary societies, as well as by private individuals.

Any contributions in aid of the work can be sent to the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, who will be happy to give any further information desired.

Living by Faith.

(The 'Northwestern Advocate.')

While climbing on his knees and in prayer the sacred stairs of St. Peter's, at Rome, which were said to have led to the judgment hall of Pilate, and whither worshippers are invited by the promise of papal absolutions, Martin Luther thought of the words of St. Paul in the seventeenth verse of the first chapter of Romans: 'The just shall live by faith.' There is a tradition that Luther immediately arose from his knees, turned and walked down the steps. That moment was a turning-point in Luther's life and in the world's history. The realization of the great truth that 'the just shall live by faith,' was the seed of the Reformation. Though the truth is old, every Christian must learn it anew. New converts readily understand that the just are saved by faith, but they and many older Christians have the impression that they must live by feeling, and because they lack feeling they think they are no longer God's children. The misconception has saddened many whose lives would otherwise have been filled with sunshine and peace. The scriptures nowhere teach that our Christian life shall be judged by feeling. That may be affected by a thousand things over which we have no control — temperament, the weather, our health, our cares. It is our character that affects our relation to God, not our feelings. If we are living by faith in him, we should pay no attention to our feelings.

OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS.

(Editor 'World Wide,' Montreal.)

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading the two articles on educational matters in this week's issue of 'World Wide,' and I feel that I cannot let the opportunity pass without thanking you for these and other good articles of a similar nature which have appeared lately in your columns.

What I and many other teachers feel we need is, not so much articles on education by educationists; we get plenty of that in our professional papers. What we want is to look at educational matters through the eyes of an outsider—to see our teaching as others (laymen) see it. It is for this reason I have found the articles referred to especially interesting and instructive.

EDUCATIONIST.

Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, April 13, 1902.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'World Wide' on trial at the rate of six cents a month. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' has still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

When Sarah Ann Rebelled.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

Sarah Ann was washing in the shed kitchen. The roof was low, and although it was yet early, the June sun streaming upon it made the heat of the small room almost unbearable. The steam from the boiler of bubbling clothes only added to the discomfort. There was an unusually large washing, that had to be finished before noon. Then there were dinner to get, dishes to wash and Jane Harriet to be made comfortable for the afternoon.

Sarah Ann's scant calico dress hung in limp folds, her grey hair was strained severely back, and her thin lips were set in stern lines. Life looked difficult this June morning, and in Sarah Ann's usually tranquil soul was a faint uprising of rebellion. She could not help questioning why the hard things and never the easy ones came to her; why other lives should be so full and rich and beautiful, her own so poor and bare and limited.

Sarah Ann was forty-seven years old, and had never married. She lived now with her sister, whom she had brought up. Jane Harriet had once been a pretty girl, but she had married young, and married a poor man. Under the shiftless management of her indolent, improvident husband, she lost her beauty and her bloom and her ambition. At thirty-three she was a chronic invalid with five small children. Then it was that Sarah Ann left her own little home and came to the rescue. It was not likely that she would lack for something to do in the narrow, pinched household.

As Sarah Ann plunged the clothes-stick into the bubbling boiler, her spirit of rebellion deepened. Just then there came a tap at the door. A young girl stood there, a young girl in a shady hat and a rose-colored dress. Her cheeks matched her gown.

It was pretty Charlotte Dent, one of the young members of Sarah Ann's church.

'Good morning, Sarah Ann!' she said, in her cheerful voice. 'I knocked and knocked at the front door, but as nobody came, I thought I'd better come round here.'

'Jane Harriet's asleep,' replied Sarah Ann, briefly. 'She had a bad night, and the children are playing next door. Well,' she added, a little brusquely, 'what is it? Something about the church, I know. I can't ask you to come in; you'd smother.'

Charlotte's face took on a warmer hue. She felt the resentment of Sarah Ann's manner, and hesitated a little. What had altered the usual unassuming humility of Sarah Ann?

'We're going to have an ice-cream social, Sarah Ann,' she began, shyly. 'It's to be at the town hall Friday night, and we want to know if you'll come over and wash dishes for us.'

Sarah Ann took up her gingham apron and slowly dried her knotted hands. Then she turned, and with something tragic in her gaze, looked into the pretty face, noting its freshness and beauty. She saw the whiteness of the slender hands and the gracefulness of the girlish figure. 'And I —I might have looked like that once,' she thought, with a passion of longing, 'if everything hadn't been so hard!'

After a moment's silence, she spoke. 'Help you?' she said, in a harsh tone. 'No, I won't!'

'You won't?' cried Charlotte, in surprise. 'Why, Sarah Ann, you always have!'

Sarah Ann stood still, tall and grim; her usually meek brown eyes were flashing.

'Yes,' she retorted, 'I always have! For twenty-seven years I've been a member of the church. I don't believe in all that time I've ever missed washing dishes once at anything that's come up. I've worked faithful at every supper, every social, every bazaar we've ever had. Look at my hands! Do they look as if I'd shirked my duty? Oh, yes, when there's work to be done you always come for Sarah Ann! She's used to it; you think she don't mind it. Why shouldn't I have a good time, like the rest of you?' she went on, bitterly. 'Why should I be always drudging and washing dishes? Is it because I'm old and poor and ugly? There's Mrs. Judge Macon. Ask her to wash your dishes, and see what she'll say!

'When the ladies gave that dinner and supper election day,' she went on, more quietly. 'I stayed all day. The rest of you left, and I washed dishes alone until twelve o'clock that night. I could hardly drag myself home, and the next day Jane Harriet had a bad spell that lasted a week. Now let somebody else wash your dishes. I'm tired.'

The face in the doorway flushed and quivered under Sarah Ann's words. Then the girl came in suddenly and put her arms about Sarah Ann's shoulders. At the gentle pressure the poor, overtasked woman broke into sobs, heavy, tearless sobs that shook her thin figure.

'There, there, Sarah Ann,' whispered Charlotte, soothingly, 'don't cry! I ought not to have asked you, and, Sarah Ann, it isn't as if we hadn't appreciated what you've done; we just didn't think—that's all.'

A second later she was gone, with a new pity and thoughtfulness upon her face —a thoughtfulness brought there by the picture of a gaunt, tired woman with toil-worn, knotted hands.

On the night of the social the moon shone clear and bright. It had been a hot day, and poor Jane Harriet had been unusually trying. But it was over now. The children were asleep, Jane Harriet was safely settled for the night, and Sarah Ann could take a minute's breathing-time.

As she sat in the doorway in the soft stillness of the moonlight, she was thinking of the social, and of Charlotte Dent. 'I ought to have gone,' she whispered, slowly. 'They can't get any one to wash dishes but me. I needn't have told Charlotte the things I did, either.'

She folded her hands in her lap and sighed heavily. As she sat there, the gate clicked. Some one was coming up the walk; some one in a white dress. It was Charlotte.

'Get your bonnet, Sarah Ann,' she said, in a low voice. 'Is your sister in bed, and are the children asleep? That's good. Come, I want you to go to the social. Not to help,' she added, hastily, 'but to enjoy yourself like other people.'

'We never thought about it, Sarah Ann,' she went on, shyly. 'We have imposed on you, and you've had so much to do at home! Come, get your bonnet!'

Sarah Ann rose stiffly. It had been a hard day.

HELP YOU? SHE SAID. NO, I WON'T!

'Are you sure you want me?' she said, wistfully.

'Quite sure,' said the girl.

A few minutes later they went up the quiet street together. The hall was lighted, the windows open, and as they passed up the steps there was a hum of voices.

'There's a lot of people here,' said Charlotte, happily, as they went in. 'We think we're going to make a good deal this time. We want to get that Sunday-school piano paid for if we can. They're pressing us for another payment. Did I tell you?'

'No,' murmured Sarah Ann, 'you didn't.'

She would have washed dishes willingly if she had known that, she thought.

It was a pretty sight that her eyes rested on. All about were scattered small white-covered tables, at which people were eating ice-cream and cake. Sarah Ann thought she had never seen so many pretty dresses in all her life.

Charlotte led her to a seat. 'Sit here,' she whispered, 'and I'll wait on you.'

She pushed her gently into a chair and departed hastily. Sarah Ann sat stiffly upright. Now that she had her wish, she felt ill at ease. She had never been waited upon before, and she thought that it wasn't such a blessing, after all, to sit with folded hands.

Charlotte came back in a few minutes, carrying on a tray a generous pyramid of ice-cream and a liberal supply of cake.

'I brought you the best cake we had, Sarah Ann,' she whispered, as she deposited her burden. 'Don't forget to try this banana cake. Mrs. Bright made it, and you know how good her cake always is. Good-by. I'll be back again if I can, but we're very busy.'

Left alone, Sarah Ann slowly ate her ice-cream. She tasted her cake, but left most of it. She felt strange and out of place, for in all her recollections this was the first time any one had ever waited upon her, and—she did not like it.

As she sat at the white-covered table among the well-dressed, light-hearted people, the conviction came home to her that it was not too late to change matters, after all. With an odd restlessness, she wanted to be up and doing as she had always done. In the camp of the Israelites there had been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and perhaps they were just as necessary to the well-being of the camp as the priests and the psalm-singers, and perhaps they received as great a reward.

And now she knew that she must bury her longings and her dreams, and be content with the humble things. He who planned all lives knew best.

Rising, she made her way steadily through the crowds to the rear room. Nobody was there but Charlotte Dent, and she was standing over a huge pan filled to the brim with dishes. Her delicate face was flushed, and there was a weary look in the sweet eyes.

She glanced up as Sarah Ann entered. 'It's weary work, Sarah Ann,' she said smiling faintly. 'I didn't know how hard until I tried it. I've been thinking about you all the time since I've been standing here.'

Sarah Ann went over to Charlotte and took her hands resolutely from the dish-pan. 'Give me your apron, child,' she said. 'There, you go and enjoy yourself. You're not fit for this work.'

Tying the gingham apron about her own waist, she plunged her calloused hands into the water. The dishes came out with astonishing rapidity, clean and bright.

There was a relieved yet a reluctant look on Charlotte's face.

'I don't like to leave you, Sarah Ann,' she said, slowly. 'It doesn't seem right.'

'Yes, it does, too!' cried Sarah Ann. 'You go!'

She drew the slender figure nearer her. 'I'm sorry I said what I did,' she whispered. 'It—that feeling is all over now. I'll help you always after this.'

Sarah Ann watched Charlotte as she made her way among the people—a small, slight figure, with a delicate face, not fitted for the rougher work of life.

'Bless her!' murmured Sarah Ann; and then she turned to her work.

Her rebelliousness was gone, and in its place was a new peace. 'O Lord,' she whispered, through her tears, 'I ain't good for much; I can't preach or pray or sing or talk. I'm only a poor, plain old woman who can wash dishes and can't do anything else. Just a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, but maybe if I can't do the great things, you can let the little ones resound to your honor and glory. Forgive me my stubbornness and conceit. Teach me to do the humblest tasks with a willing heart. Help me to be a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." '

'Are the ice-cream dishes ready, Sarah Ann?' called a chorus of gay voices. And three or four girls came fluttering in.

'What should we do without you? Nobody can wash dishes as you can. There's a whole crowd of people come up from Harmony, and they want ice-cream right away. Come, girls, we must step lively!'

Sarah Ann handed the bright, clean dishes rapidly to the waiting girls. Her face shone with a new light.

The mutniy was over, and Sarah Ann had slipped into her niche again, 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'

Not to be Ministered To.

(Malthie D. Babcock, D.D., in 'The Independent.')

O Lord, I pray,
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand,
From thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray,
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent,
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may,
I'd have this day
Strength from above,
To set my heart
In heavenly art,
Not to be loved, but to love.

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A Bunch of Roses---Their Mission.

A TRUE STORY.

(Estelle Mendell Amory, in the 'Union Signal.')

'No, I have not raised any flowers for such purposes,' very emphatically replied Mrs. Closen to Mrs. Morton. 'I do not believe in feathering the nest of a "prison-bird." '

It was an oppressively hot day in August, and Mrs. Morton, the superintendent of flower mission work in one of the San Francisco unions, was calling upon her friends for the beautiful blossoms with which to cheer the hospital patients of the city prison and to encourage them to a better life. Although not particularly acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Closen, she could not forbear, this time, to stop at their very cozy home and ask for some of the many rich and rare blossoms with which the yard was filled.

'There are several very sick men in the hospital now, and flowers just delight their hearts and often cure the soul while medicine is healing the body.'

To this came the chilling response given above, and it would have utterly unnerved a less calm and whole-souled worker.

'Christ's mission was to the erring, you know,' very sweetly replied Mrs. Morton, 'and the disciple must not be above his master.'

'But who ever knew of these flowers and things doing these "penitentiary birds" any good? I never did. It's clearly a case of casting pearls before swine,' retorted the good woman.

The gentle and loving Mrs. Morton was too wise to take offense at this. 'It doubtless does seem so to those not permitted, or rather privileged, to work among this unfortunate class; but I am situated to know that thousands are yearly inspired to a better life, and many a young man restored to his home, through this seemingly useless work,' and Mrs. Morton lingered under the cool and beautiful arbor long enough to relate two very touching cases that had come under her own observation, 'and there are hundreds of just such cases in every prison, that our good women reach and save,' she added.

'Perhaps so,' said Mrs. Closen, 'but it must be anything but agreeable work, and I can but believe that these men, if there is any manhood in them, will come out equally well by simply serving their penance, without the purest and best women in our land sacrificing themselves for them.'

But notwithstanding this unsympathetic, skeptical answer, the light and warmth of a new-found truth had entered, by means of the tiniest rays, into Mrs. Closen's mind and heart. Would it be fanned into a flame of life-giving warmth by easy, natural processes, or would it require the bitter gusts of sorrow?

It must not be thought that Mrs. Closen was an exceptionally hard or unfeeling woman, for such is not the case. She was a very loving, tender mother and kind neighbor, and her comfortable, carefully kept home was a most hospitable one, and daily the happy family of Mr. and Mrs. Closen, their two sons, Albert and Joe, and 'baby Nell,' as the only

daughter of thirteen was called, enjoyed a home-life better than that of the average.

Albert had graduated with honors from the high school and was working his way up in trade; Baby Nell also bid fair to be a scholar, but Joe, who had not been physically strong, had been much out of school, and had proven a great anxiety to his parents. This, not wholly on account of his health and lack of education, but because of the class of acquaintances he was making while 'time' hung so heavy on his hands.'

In vain were words of admonition and protest; and thus it was that poor, foolish Joe, with a boon companion, Tom Ackers, was one day led to leave his good home and loving mother, without even a kiss or parting word, without even a hint of the cruel deed that would throw such a dark, death-dealing shadow about his home.

It was in September following the August named that Joe Closen, now past eighteen, imagined he was capable of directing his own course. By various means he had accumulated quite a little sum of money, and 'by being very economical, and "beating his way" at the last if necessary, he would reach Chicago, see the world, and before cold weather "strike a good job."' These were Joe's plans, and many a boy has had worse ones.

In vain the heartbroken family summoned the aid of the police, the telephone, telegraph and the press. No tidings of their lost boy could be gained, and thus the fall and winter months came and went leaving only the same terrible uncertainty.

This had a perceptible effect upon the entire family, but especially upon the mother. She shut herself closely within her home, and even the lovely flowers, her fond pets, were sadly neglected. But one day their desolate condition appealed to her and she spent the entire summer forenoon working among them.

'This was poor Joe's favorite,' she sighed, as she came to a deep-hued carnation rose bending with fragrant blossoms; 'he always wanted a vase of these by his side when he was ailing; and the dear boy, he was sick so much. He can't be better; and who is caring for him now? Oh, he is probably dead by this time.'

The tears fell thick and fast upon the generous bunch of roses she had unconsciously picked, and she was about to go to the house and place them where she had so many times for her dear boy, when she spied Mrs. Morton with her basket of flowers for the sick and desolate almost at her gate.

Strange as it may seem to the reader, the two had often thought of one another during the months that had passed—not quite a year—and especially since the mysterious disappearance of poor Joe had their thoughts encircled one another. Mrs. Closen, for some unexplained reason, often recalled the two sad stories Mrs. Morton had told her of rescuing boy convicts and restoring them to their agonized parents; and though 'she could not for one instant believe that her boy could possibly have met the terrible fate of being behind the bars,' yet she did yearn to ask other ladies in different cities to do the same.

But this the good woman had already done, and she had asked her heavenly father to so guide her that she might carry a message of peace and hope to this distressed mother's heart. Surely the hour had come.

'Oh,' said Mrs. Closen, hastening to the gate, 'please take these roses and give them to some sick boy in Joe's name, or for his sake—you know it all——'

'Yes, my dear sister,' their tears mingling in sympathy, 'but let us truly believe that God answers our prayers, and look up with faith. It is not impossible that this very bunch of roses will find you your boy; we are to express these flowers to different cities in near by and adjoining states, as, at present, flowers are not plenteous there. A card, with a passage of Scripture, is tied with a white ribbon to each bouquet. You can not know the thoughts they bring to hardened men and misled boys.'

'Well, put on the card to go with these roses, "For Joe's sake, from his stricken mother."'

'May I suggest, "hoping mother"?'

'Why, Mrs. Morton, can I hope?'

'Certainly, my dear one,' replied Mrs. Morton, and with such assurance that a smile chased away the tears.

'Oh, let me fill your baskets,' said Mrs. Closen. 'I have plenty, and they may find the "wandering boy" of some other home if not of ours; I never looked at these things as I do now.'

From this hour the burdened heart of Mrs. Closen seemed strangely lightened, and her thoughts and prayers constantly followed the beautiful flowers on their mission of love, not only to hospitals, but to prison cells.

. . . . . .

It was a lovely day—a peaceful, Sabbath day—in a western city, and Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, as had been their wont for several years, were preparing to go to the penitentiary to assist in the gospel services. They not only led the choir, but were ever on the alert to speak a kind and helpful word to some despairing convict. But it was to the 'released' that they turned with the warmest interest. They had tramped many miles, written numberless letters, and sacrificed their own comfort and pleasures that they might set these unfortunates on their feet once more.

'Mac Hartley gets his "ticket of leave" this week,' said Professor Arlington to his wife, 'and I declare I don't know what I can do with him. He is a good boy; the officers say he has always been obedient, and they think he is of a good family. He is not a criminal at heart.'

'Strange he never confided to you his story, when so many older and more hardened ones have,' replied Mrs. Arlington, getting the necessary music in order.

'No, he never has, though he has asked me to find him work, but thus far the prospect is dubious.'

They were soon at the chapel, where they found the men looking unusually bright over some beautiful flowers which the W.C.T.U. ladies had just distributed among them, although it was not the regular Flower Mission day. Tears dimmed nearly all eyes as the beautiful texts were read and the delicate, fragrant blossoms examined.

'These tokens of Christ's love are sent you from the W.C.T.U. ladies of San Francisco,' said Mrs. Bently, the superintendent of flower mission work, 'and I only wish they might see your gratitude, so plainly written upon your faces.'

When the gospel services were over and the men returning to the cells, holding so firmly, but tenderly, their precious gifts, Mac Hartley 'stepped out of line'—this stepping out of line meaning that the man wished to speak with some officer, or one of the conductors of the religious service—a privilege usually granted good convicts.

Professor Arlington was the man usually sought, and not a Sabbath passed without his holding helpful talks with one or more. He was known as the 'prisoner's friend,' and as he possessed the confidence of the prison officials and of the governor, he was able to be very serviceable to the men.

'Why, Mac,' said the professor, with great surprise at the eyes very red from weeping, 'I thought to find you very happy to-day, as to-morrow you are free once more. What is it, my boy?' the voice growing very tender.

'It's these,' holding up a lovely bunch of bright carnation roses, 'and they are from my mother—I know they are,' as the professor looked inquiringly—'see, the card reads, "For Joe's sake, from his hoping mother,"—and that's me; my real name is Joe Closen and I lived in San Francisco until I ran away from home.'

'Well, calm yourself, Mac—or Joe,' as the excited boy paused a moment, scarcely knowing whether to relate the whole story or not, 'and to-morrow when released, remember you are to be our boy until we can see what is for the best.'

'Yes, come right to our house,' cordially added Mrs. Arlington, giving the necessary directions.

The next evening our young friend was in a 'home' once more, a place his wandering feet had not known for many sad and terrible months, and he could but remark, tears filling his eyes, 'How good it seemed to sit by a home fire again.'

'Well, what can I do?' was one of Joe's first questions.

'I always ask my boys to write their parents if they have any, and confess all to them, if they do not know of their fate,' was Professor Arlington's reply.

'I had not thought of ever doing this,' confessed poor Joe with drooping head; 'I did not even know if I could ever go home again, at least until I had acted the man for a few years.'

'No, Joe,' interposed motherly Mrs. Arlington, 'write all to your parents; you see your mother is still "hoping." Begin back where your trouble first began—when you left off confiding your plans to her.'

'I will do just as you say,' replied Joe firmly, 'and my "hoping mother" shall not be disappointed. Thank God she is not dead. I so often feared I had killed her.'

It was a long letter that Joe dropped into the post-office the following day, and it was bleared with the hot tears of shame and regret. Conscientiously every detail was penned, from his first acquaintance with Tom Ackers, whose wicked schemes he so readily followed, to the moment when his mother's beautiful roses had found him.

And as the mother read the sad, sad tale with heart throbbing with pain and joy, and eyes blinded with tears, it is not surprising that no one in all the city seemed quite so good a friend as Mrs. Morton, and that she was at once summoned to hear the precious news, 'that those roses had indeed found her her boy Joe.'

As soon as the mails could carry it, Joe received the necessary car fare, and with

heart overflowing with gratitude to Professor Arlington and his wife for their rare kindness, he set out to retrace his wayward steps.

A happier boy could not have been found, and as he drew nearer home, he found it very difficult to control his emotions so as not to attract attention. He wrote Professor Arlington that the happiest moment of his life was when he first spied his mother waiting for him at the ferry in Oakland.

Joe's gratitude to these friends found expression in frequent letters full of good cheer, and always contained some choice flower pressed into the folds. Then he remembered them with boxes of fruit, slips, bulbs and flowers, and one day he had a picture of his home taken, with the reunited family standing in the beautiful yard. This, together with views of bits of San Francisco scenery, greatly rejoiced Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, and they have a standing and most urgent invitation to visit 'their boy' in his California home.

It seems needless to add that no firmer friend to flower mission work lives than Mrs. Closen. Her faith triumphs over every doubt and fear. She knows that thousands are yearly reached and helped by the beautiful flowers.

Mother's Darling.

(Rose Stout, in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

Oft mother's darling, fair and fat,
Becomes a household pest,
As many a crippled family cat
Might readily attest;
And as for hapless kitten small,
With him it has no chance at all.

And mother buys her boy a whip,
That he, with strength increased,
With many a savage cut and clip,
May torture dog and beast;
And she serenely all the while
Upon his sportive mood doth smile.

And mother's boy must have a gun,
And be a huntsman rare;
To maim and slay is royal fun,
No songster does he spare;
Cats, dogs and neighbors with dismay
Regard him, when he comes their way.

And should her boy to manhood grow,
She is surprised to find
That he is cruel, coarse and low,
Though she has been so kind,
Repaying love with conduct rude,
And selfish, base ingratitude.

There is a very holy book
That counsels every need,
Where mothers have not far to look
To find these words and read,—
'Train up a child as he should go,'
And 'Ye shall reap what ye do sow.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

George Terrance, superintendent of the State Reformatory, Illinois, says: 'Cigarettes are not the effect of crime, they are the cause of it.'

A Story of the Tyrol.

(By Annette L. Noble, in 'Wellspring.')

There is an old castle in the Tyrol that remains to-day much as it was centuries ago, when occupied by the son of an emperor of Austria. Down in the town, at the foot of the hill, you will see in almost every house or shop the picture of his lovely wife. The story of their lives is as beautiful as any fanciful romance, and it all goes to show the truth of those words of the poet Tennyson: 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.'

Centuries ago there lived in Augsburg a rich merchant named Welser. His great house, painted all over the outside with quaint pictures, exists to-day as a modern hotel, and inside you can see the grand old fireplaces and magnificent mantelpieces. Close by is a beautiful old square and a cathedral full of soft, golden light; one where God is worshipped according to the Protestant faith; for Augsburg was a city famed in the days of Luther and the Reformation. The merchant had a beautiful daughter, as sweet and true-hearted as she was lovely in form and face. Some fete day in the city, or perhaps some quiet hour in the church, Ferdinand, son of the Emperor, saw her and loved her.

Now Philippine was no giddy girl to be flattered out of all sense because a prince admired her, but, like a good maiden, she assured Ferdinand that his courtship must be open and honorable. She was educated and accomplished, according to the standards of those days, and because her father knew that she was the equal of any lady at court, and that he could give her large wealth, he insisted that the prince should marry her with as much honor as if she were a lady of rank. The old Emperor, however, was beside himself with rage at the very thought that his son should marry a woman not of royal blood. The Count of the Tyrol, for that was Ferdinand's title, did all that a dutiful son could do to persuade his father that Philippine was like the 'gracious woman' told of in the Bible, and that her 'price was above rubies,' but all in vain; then he said that he would marry her anyway, for he was a man old enough to judge for himself.

'Do so,' said the Emperor, 'and I will disown you and will never recognize her.'

One day, not long after, there was a wedding in lovely old Augsburg, and then the young couple journeyed toward the Tyrol. In Castle Ambras they started housekeeping, and there they spent together a long, happy lifetime, full of well-doing and charity. To-day you can stroll up the hil from Innsbruck through fragrant pine woods and can go all over the castle; seeing in the great hall the arms and weapons of Ferdinand, and, in other rooms, a great deal of the furniture, carefully kept by their descendants, who still own the castle. There are rare cabinets and organs, spinets, and writing tables, beautifully carved, high-post bedsteads, and many enormous green and white terra cotta stoves, on one of which is worked out the Lord's Prayer with a number of proverbs.

Most interesting of all, is the Countess's own room, furnished as in her day. A high-backed chair stands near a window, overlooking an exquisite landscape; but we fancy the beautiful Philippine looked in and not out when she sat there; for close by the chair is a funny, hooded, old carved cradle. One golden-haired baby after another snuggled into that cradle, and their mother's heart would have been as happy as the days were long, but for one sore trouble; the stern old Emperor would not forgive his son, and Philippine the girl, and Philippine the bride, could not think of any way to touch that father's heart. But when two little children had laughed up at her from that cradle, they taught her a bit of heavenly wisdom. One day, unknown to the Count, her husband, the Countess dressed her little ones in dainty attire and started away for the old Emperor's Court. Getting leave to enter the royal presence, she came in leading a child at each side, and stood, or it may be knelt, before the old monarch. Now grandfathers' hearts are very much alike, whether they beat under gold and ermine robes or rusty old coats, and somehow children always seem to know the very shortest road right into these hearts, The Emperor saw his son in the boy, perhaps his own mother had blue eyes like the tiny girl's,—anyway, he looked and forgot to frown.

Who could scold two such babies for being born? Philippine, too, was looking at him through her tears; she was very beautiful, and her only fault was love for his son. He suddenly decided that he could not live a day longer without those grandchildren; yes, and his son and his daughter-in-law. He would have kept them all at court ever after, but Philippine took her babies back and went on with life at Castle Ambras. Soon everybody in trouble climbed up the hill to the Countess; the poor blessed her, the sick were comforted by her, and, although she had not a drop of royal blood in her veins, she was a true daughter of a King; and because she lived for others' good, her name is still as sweet in the Tyrol as the blue forget-me-nots that never fail to come with the spring. She is buried in the chapel of a very interesting old church about which you may hear later.

What a Horse Would Say if he Could Speak.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You, too, would move up if under the whip.

Don't think because I am a horse ironweeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself sometime; run up with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't say 'whoa' unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break and save running away and smash-up.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the

bit by holding it a half minute against the body.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't forget the old Book, that is a friend to all the oppressed, that says: 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.'—'Farm Journal.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 20, of 'World Wide';

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

From 'Christmas Bells.'—By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
Only Once a Year—By Canon Scott-Holland in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
The Venezuelan Trouble—New York 'Evening Post,' Brooklyn 'Eagle,' and New York 'Times.'
Will England Withdraw—New York 'Staats-Zeitung.'
Cipriano Castro—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Monroe Doctrine—'Evening Post,' and Prof. F. De Martens, in 'The Independent,' New York.
France and the Moroccan Questions—From 'La Vie Illustree,' Paris. Condensed.
Progress in Egypt—London correspondence of the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Speaker Reed—'The Nation,' New York.
The Orchid Seeker — Birmingham 'Daily Post.'
A Great Preacher—'Daily News,' London.
Mr. Dooley's Christmas Scheme—By F. P. Dunne, in the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' Philadelphia.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New Era in Decorative Art.
The Art of Watteau—By Edgecumbe Staley, in 'The Connoisseur,' London.
An Artistic Revolution—Foreign correspondence of the New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Christmas Carol—By J. G. Holland.
A Christmas Letter from Australia—By Douglas B. W. Sladen.
Lines to Mrs. Bishop on the Anniversary of Her Wedding Day—By Samuel Bishop (1731-1795).
A Christmas Song—By William Cor. Bennett.
Burns as an English Poet—By David Christie Murray, in 'The Contemporary Review,' abridged.
Board School Types—IV.—The Bully—By P. Paul Neuman, in 'The Westminster Budget.'
General De Wet on the Late War—Reviews from 'The Standard,' 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Daily Telegraph,' 'Daily Mail,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Aviation—'The Nation,' New York.
Damming the Nile—New York 'Tribune.'
A Hundred Years Ago—By Alfred Whitman, in 'The Strand Magazine,' London.

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LESSON II.—JANUARY 11.

Christian Living

Philippians iv., 1-13.

Home Readings

Monday, Jan. 5.—Phil. iv., 1-13.
Tuesday, Jan. 6.—Phil. i., 1-14.
Wednesday, Jan. 7.—Phil. i., 15-30.
Thursday, Jan. 8.—Phil. ii., 1-13.
Friday, Jan. 9.—Phil. ii., 14-30.
Saturday, Jan. 10.—Phil iii., 1-11.
Sunday, Jan. 11.—Phil iii., 12-21.

Suggestions

Paul wrote a long letter to the Christians in Philippi after he had gone away. How long would it take you to read the whole letter through? How long would it take you to read through this little piece of it we have for a lesson to-day? It is like a little letter by itself. First it speaks about the people in Philippi, and at the end it tells about Paul. If you were writing a letter to your brother you might begin 'Dear Brother,' Paul says, 'My brethren dearly beloved,' he says, too, that he longs for them and that they are his joy and crown. What a good crown that was for being in jail, when he converted the jailer! Next, Paul speaks of some people who were not agreeing. He wants them to 'be of the same mind,' that is to agree as Christians should. Euodias and Syntyche are women's names. Do we know the name of any other woman who was a member of the church in Philippi? (See Acts xvi., 14.) Do we know the names of any men in that church? Yes, Paul mentions Clement (verse 3). Here is another persons spoken to as 'true yokefellow,' that means that he and Paul worked, so to speak, in the same harness. It must have been the minister of the church. He would read the letter first, no doubt, and then read it aloud at a meeting. Count up how many people we know of who would be there.

Now let us see what Paul says about himself at the end. He wants the Philippians to be sure and do all the things he had taught them and showed them (verse 9). He rejoices that they have cared enough about him to send him some presents (verse 10). But he says he does not mind if he is poor, because Christ makes him strong (vs. 11-13).

In the middle of our lesson we find what Paul told Lydia and Clement and the rest to do. Does he tell them to be very sorry and grave? No, he tells them to be very glad (verse 4). Grown people often have things to make them sorry, and children do, too, but if they will bring all their troubles to God, he will give them peace (vs. 6, 7). Verse 5 says that we must be gentle with everyone. And verse 8 tells us, not just what to do, but what to think about. All the lovely things we see, all the heroic deeds we read of, all the good things we hear about other people, all the bright new ways of being kind and all the fine old ways of being honorable—why it would keep one busy thinking! Children who have lots of lessons and play do not need to spend a great deal of time in thinking, but when they do think here is the list of things to think of. Is it only Paul's list for the Philippians? No, it is God's list for all his little boys and girls. It would be a good plan to learn it off.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 11.—Topic—Bringing others to Christ. John i., 40-45; iv., 6-10; Mark v. 19, 20.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE SNOW.

Monday, Jan. 5.—God sends it. Job xxxvii., 6.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—It refreshes. Prov. xxv., 13.

Wednesday, Jan. 7.—A symbol of purity.—Ps. li., 7.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Has treasures. Job xxxviii., 22.

Friday, Jan. 9.—Like wool. Ps. cxlvii., 16.

Saturday, Jan. 10.—Has its season. Prov. xxvi., 1.

Sunday, Jan. 11.—Topic—Lessons from the snow. Ps. clxvii., 15-17; Isa. i., 18.

Making Each Class a Unit.

(Robert P. Field, in 'The Living Epistle.')

The first thing to consider in making up a Sunday-school class is that a class is neither all scholars nor all teacher, but that a class is both scholars and teacher and that both are to be taken into account.

The only way to make clay and water, or oil and water, appear to mix, is to keep them thoroughly agitated, which would be an eminently unwise condition for a Sunday-school class to be in. A chemist to whom such a mixture should be given would filter out the oil or the mud before he began to examine the liquid, in order to get rid of these outside substances (for unless he did this he would not be able to find out anything).

A class of bright boys had been graduated from the primary to the junior department in a city school, being put under a teacher of good presence and education, and one of whom the boys were personally very fond, and who, under ordinary circumstances, would be supposedl to be just the man for the place. But, unfortunately, the teacher was to the boys as oil to water, and the boys finally became to each other as clay and water. The teacher was one only in name, and resorted to all sorts of expedients to amuse and keep the boys quiet. The boys were, most of them, personal friends, but one or two were as different in aim and education as if they were foreigners. The latter were brought into this class because they were thorns in the side of every teacher who had tried them, and it was thought that good influences would help them; but the leaven worked the other way. The mixture was only a mechanical one, and not a solution at all, and every tendency was to separation.

Finally, in desperation, the superintendent of the school took a hand, and stopped the stirring, skimmed off the oil, strained off the clay, by providing two new teachers and separating the boys into two classes. The result was not perfection, but quietness and satisfaction to the boys, and a willingness upon the part of both teachers and classes to attend to business.

These two classes of boys were widely separated in educational and social advantages. Those who were less favored were, under the old plan, jealous, and felt slighted,—for, although the teacher treated them exactly alike, he could not do the impossible. Now that they are separated, and in different parts of the room, no such antagonism exists, and they fraternize as boys can who are not thrown too intimately together.

This experience, and many others like it, leads us to the conclusion that, as a rule, the best work can be gotten out of the members of a Sunday-school class whose social and educational advantages are equal, because of the possibility of taking the scholars on their own ground with more effect when that ground is one.

A rock may be made up of many kinds of stone, pressed into a compact mass of almost infinite strength; but each stone has a composition of its own, the elements of which could not be made to combine with those of the other stones. So a Sunday-school can be strong and vigorous with classes of many and varying grades, but each class must be a unit to make the whole a success.

LITTLE FOLKS

How Baby Rachel Went to Heaven.

(By Mrs. Sara B. Howland, of Guadalajara, Mexico, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

She was a little, round, roly-poly baby, with bright black eyes and long, silky black hair; just as cunning as anybody's baby sister.

She was the youngest of four little girls, and they made a very pretty picture as they sat around their mother's knee; all bright, attractive children, neatly dressed and well trained, but Baby Rachel was the chubbiest, fairest, and prettiest of them all.

Often when I watched this dear little group, I thought of the first time I saw their mother, Herlinda, as she came to school, years ago, in the early days of our mission. She was sitting on the bench in the 'patio,' resting after her long ride from Tlajamulco on donkey back, and she had on a short pink frock and was swinging her little bare feet as she smiled shyly at the senorita who came to welcome her.

She was always a bright, lovable child, and soon became one of our best scholars. She stayed many years as a boarder in the school, and was one of the best English scholars we ever had. At our examinations Herlinda always had some English poem or reading, and her clear pronunciation brought her many compliments from American visitors. She had a very good memory, and learned chapter after chapter in her Spanish Bible, and became more familiar with its teachings than many a Sunday-School scholar in the United States.

Before she had time to graduate, however, one of the Christian young men persuaded her to make a home for him right away, so we had a pretty little wedding, and soon Herlinda was a housekeeper all by herself. Then, year by year, the baby girls came to brighten the home, and Herlinda made a devoted and happy mother, who tried faithfully to bring up her children as she had been taught. Her little ones were not tied tightly about the body, but wore tiny waists with buttoned skirts, and pretty yoked dresses and white caps, and she did not fear to wash their dear little faces and braid their hair in neat plaits. Sometimes she found it hard to follow her rules and feed them only at meal times, because many of her relatives would exclaim that she was starving her children because she would not give them fruit and beans and 'chili' at all hours. But she did her best, and in all our church there was not a sweeter little quartet.

One day, in spite of all her care, the baby was taken sick. She lay with her chubby face pale and drawn, and her long lashes would not lift to give us a glimpse of those dark eyes. It seemed to be trouble with the brain, and though the best doctors were called and many remedies tried, nothing could help; and one morning early one of the little girls in the house called: 'Oh, mamma! here comes Herlinda with flowers. The baby must be dead.' And so it was. In the chill hour before the dawn the baby had gone home.

But the mother's face was not wholly sad as she told us the news, and we saw that she had been given strength to meet the trial. She said it had come to her some days before that, if God should call one of them, it was Baby Rachel who was best fitted to go. She was so sweet and so innocent, just the one who would be a fit blossom for the garden of the Lord. She asked us all to come and be with her when she laid the little form away, which must be the very next day, according to the laws of the country.

If you would understand the joy it gave us to see the sweet spirit of calmness and trust that the sorrowing parents showed, you must know the customs of the people. When a little baby dies, the tiny form is laid on a table covered with flowers, and all the friends come and have a ball, where there is plenty of wine and cigars, and the people dance and drink all night. Then the body is placed in a blue coffin, if the child is a girl, and red, if a boy, and is carried to the grave amid the piercing shrieks of the mother and nearest friends, amid the noise of rockets and Roman candles.

Everything is unutterably sad, with no hope of the little one's going to heaven unless the parents have money to pay for masses for the repose of the soul. And it is no wonder the parents strive to drown their sorrow in drink and dancing, because they do not want to think of the future.

It is for this that the missionaries work in Mexico, to bring the joyful message to the sad mothers that the dear Saviour loves the little ones, and that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. You would have felt the joy of answered prayer, and seen the blessed results of faith in Jesus as a comforter in sorrow, if you had been with us when Baby Rachel went to heaven.

It was a bright afternoon when we gathered in Herlinda's room at the usual hour of Christian Endeavor. The baby wore a fresh white dress and her dimpled hands were folded, but she was smiling as if asleep, and all the children gathered around her and could not bear to come away. The room was full of friends, and many who had never been in a service before came, out of respect to the father, who is a master workman and employs many laborers. We sang song after song, the old familiar ones rendered into the musical Spanish words, but with the well known tunes: 'I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old,' 'Around the Throne of God in Heaven,' and 'I Want To Be an Angel.' In all the hymns the mother's voice rang out sweet and clear, and two little sisters stood with the other children and sang, 'Jewels, Precious Jewels.' The words of Scripture were read, strong, triumphant words of hope and immortality, the missionary, with a little tremble in his own voice, prays for the Heavenly comfort which indeed is felt all about us, and then the father tenderly lays the baby in her narrow bed.

There are no wild cries and convulsive sobs when the little form is taken away and laid in the grave, only gentle tears of sorrow for the daily loss, brightened by the thought of the eternal hope, and as truly as the Saviour stood by the tomb of Lazarus, so truly was His presence with us when Baby Rachel went to heaven.

Shall we not hasten into many sad homes with the message? Is it not worth any labor and sacrifice to help bring the Comforter to these sorrowing mothers? Let the thought of the sweet home-going of Baby Rachel help us to work and pray that the dear little Mexican

children may be brought safely, one by one, to shine like precious jewels in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Two Little Folks.

(By Maud Maddick.)

Two little folks of tender age,
Two little hearts so full of rage,
That love forgotten lies,
And kindly thoughts are all asleep,
While looks that make the angels weep,
Are in two pairs of eyes.

Two little tongues that try to say
Such words of bitterness to-day,
Instead of happy mirth,
That mourning fills the air above,
Where angels dwell in peace and love,
And wish the same on earth.

Two little faces hot with shame,
Two little whispers — 'I'm to blame,'
Some tears that follow this;
And then a rush of little feet
That rosy mouths may quickly meet
To have a loving kiss!

Two little folks who smiling stand
Now heart to heart and hand to hand
Obeying love's dear voice.
Methinks I hear some fluttering wings—
A heavenly voice that softly sings,
'The angels now rejoice!'
—'Home words.'

Lesson for a Boy.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older.

While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said: 'Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?'

The boy looked up in surprise. 'Why, I want him to be good for something.'

'But he likes his own way,' I objected. 'Why shouldn't he have it?'

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. 'I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!' he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

'And as for working,' I went on, 'I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse.'

'Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—' Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—'Union Gospel News.'

Little Runaway.

(By Alonzo Ames, in Congregationalist.)

It's half in earnest, half in play
When Tommy tries to run away.
He pulls so hard that Sister Nan
Must tug and hold him all she can.
"Whoa! Whoa!" she cries, "my pony, O!
How hard you pull, how fast you go!"

Suppose Nan wearied of the fun,
Let go her hold and let him run.
Suppose he tripped and fell—suppose
He bumped his precious, *precious* nose!
O then, I think, our little man
Would turn and run to Sister Nan.

Couldn't.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him, says the 'Kindergarten Magazine.' At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat swelled and forth came nature's plea: 'A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet a-no-sweet. I know it I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it,' etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we inquired: 'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home.' The little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: 'Couldn't, 'cos he sung so.'

Never Again.

The story goes that an Italian showman once had a monkey that rode on the back of a hound while four dogs danced. One day the little show was passing through a park where there were some deer. The hound saw them, and, true to his instinct, he tore after them. Poor Mr. Monkey was chained to his collar, so he had to go along, much as he wished not to. He chattered and screamed, but all in vain. The hound kept up the chase until the showman finally succeeded in stopping him and took the frightened monkey off his back. No coaxing or threatening could ever induce the monkey to get on that dog's back again.

We once read of another monkey on board a ship that the sailors induced to drink whiskey until he became very drunk; but after he had sobered off, when they brought out the bottle again, he instantly skipped away to the very top of the mast, and could not be induced to come down as long as the bottle was in sight. Would that men and boys had as much sense in this regard as monkeys.—'Temperance Record.'

Keep On.

One step won't take you very far,
You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks who you are,
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing;
One little seed won't do at all,
You've got to keep on sowing.

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TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

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HARVEY McNEVAN, Reaboro, Ont.
******SHERBROOKE STREET METHODIST S. S., Montreal, Que.
******* REV. J. W. TOTTEN, Tweed, Ont
MRS. J. T. BIRCHARD, Linden Valley, Ont.
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M. G. HAWLEY, Dorland, Ont.
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J. A. MITCHELL, Saltford, O.
*FRANK HAWKEY, Wardsville, Ont.

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*All those with this mark after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional *

ELEANOR A. HALLIDAY, Pierson, Man. heads this list, as his list was the first received for the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 16.

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If you have not already signed the 'Messenger' Temperance Pledge Roll would you not like to sign your own name to the following solemn pledge and get others who have not aready signed to do the same? These forms may then be cut out and forwarded to the Temperance Department, 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal, where they will be collated and registered with the Dominion Alliance for safe keeping. These forms may be sent in with the renewal subscription. If sent separately, don't forget to put a two-cent stamp on the envelope.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE ROLL.

I solemnly promise by the grace of God that I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and will discountenance such use by others.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
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In witness whereof	.....

A Temperance Song.

By Alex. Hume, of Edinburgh. Born 1811. Died 1859.)

('The League Journal.')

Mr. Hume was a gifted son of song, and a musical genius of no common order. He was the author of several excellent songs which have long been favorites both at home and abroad. Such songs as 'The Scottish Emigrant's Fareweel,' and 'My Ain Dear Nell.' He also composed the music for such songs, and having a fine voice could render them with great effect. Mr. Hume also composed the music for many other songs and duets, among these, notably, being the well-known music for Burns' exquisite song, 'Afton Water.' Our Scottish Psalmody was also indebted to him for some of its compositions, and perhaps his greatest triumph as a musician was his editorship of the volumes of the now celebrated 'Lyric Gems of Scotland,' a work which will endure as a lasting memorial of his genius and ability as a musician.

Born in humble circumstances, Mr. Hume followed the occupation of a cabinet and chair-maker in Edinburgh. The social customs and habits of the times, however, could not but prove hazardous to one possessed of his musical talents, as he was apt to be drawn into company where the drinking system prevailed. From this he no doubt suffered, as many others have done in similar circumstances; but he had a warm side to the Temperance movement, and wrote a number of excellent songs on its behalf.

Between fifty and sixty years ago the writer hereof knew him intimately, and had much pleasure in welcoming him as a total abstainer, and hearing him sing with pathos and vigor some of his own Temperance songs. These, with their choruses, were always received with great eclat at the meetings.

The following was one of his Temperance songs, and was always a favorite. It would seem to give the results of his own practical experience in regard to the drinking system, and was always well received.

'BETTER LATE THRIVE THAN NEVER DO WEEL.'

Air—'The Laird o' Cockpen.'

Come here my auld cronie and listen to me,
Leave your brandy and gin, and your famed barely-bree;
There's an auld proverb—true as the guid-tempered steel—
'Better late thrive than never do weel.'

Chorus.

Better late thrive than never do weel,
Better late thrive than never do weel;
Come awa', tak' the pledge wi' the true and the leal,
And you're sure to do weel, you're sure to do weel.

How sad 'tis to think, though the hale week you've toiled,
O' your wife gaun in rags, and your bairns rinnin' wild
Through the cauld, slushy streets, with their bare hacket feet,
And wi' toom hungry stamacks, and naething to eat.

But better late thrive, etc.

Let them brag o' their tap-rooms an' taverns sae braw,
Wi' their fine gilded mirrors stuck up roon' the wa';
Keep awa' frae sic howffs, or richt soon you will feel
That you're dune wi' a' guid, an' you'll never do weel.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Ye puir, weary wights, o'er the gill-stoup an' pot,
Believe me, ye'll ne'er mak' your bawbee a groat;
But come o'er to oor side—resolve to abstain,
An' soon peace and plenty will cheer ye again.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Far better you'd be in your ain house at e'en,
Wi' your wife an' your bairns, sae cosie an' clean;
O'er a cup o' guid coffee, or heart-cheerin' tea.
If you doubt what I tell you—just try't an' you'll see.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Come now, let us join wi' a hearty good will,
With three cheers for the Pledge, an' a groan for the Gill;
May we aye lend a hand to ilk guid-hearted chiel
Wha has seen through his folly, an' meass to de weel.

Then better late thrive, etc.

[For the Messenger.

A Drink Tragedy.

Out on the wind-swept prairie,
Under the star-gemmed sky,
Wandered a lonely stranger,
Far from his home to die;
Keen was the breath of winter
Out on the snow-clad plain;
Wrapped in its icy mantle,
Lost was his sense of pain.

Back to the scenes of childhood
Wandered his clouded mind,
Dreaming of home and loved ones
Left evermore behind.
Drink was the fiend that led him
On to his hopeless end;
Far in an unknown country,
Dying without a friend.

'Frozen to death—a stranger,'
Such the report we read;
Ah! but I saw the frost-king
Shaking his hoary head,
Saying, 'I did but touch him,
When drink had laid him low,
Stung by the cruel serpent
Coiled in the wine-cup's glow.'

Place the blame where it should be,
On him—the demon drink;
Thousands of souls he causes
In awful woe to sink
Down to a swift destruction,
Dragged with relentless hand;
And yet he stalks unhindered,
A curse throughout our land.

—ELSIE M. GRAHAM.

A physicist could experiment with gunpowder, and prove that it is easily oxidized and gives rise to a large amount of heat and energy. From this it might be argued that gunpowder is a most useful kind of fuel for cook-stoves. Such a conclusion would be hardly less logical than the conclusions that have been drawn from these experiments with alcohol, and which regard it as a useful food for the body. Gunpowder is a very unsafe fuel because of its secondary effects, and in the same way the food value of alcohol cannot be determined by its power of being oxidized, but must include the consideration of its secondary effects as well.—Prof. H. W. Conn, associate of Prof. Atwater in his experiments on the food value of alcohol.

Correspondence

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor and friends,—I am a girl 13 years old. I go to school nearly every day; I am in the fourth grade. I live on a farm of two hundred acres. For pets I have two cats and a dog named 'Rover' I have three sisters and three brothers and a brother-in-law. I am very fond of music and although I have never taken any lessons I play the organ and harmonica. My birthday is on June 6, and I am the youngest. I take the 'Messenger' and like to read the stories. This is my first letter. EVA S.

Norland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and we like to read the letters. Our Sunday-school teacher is Miss Adair. I have three brothers and two sisters. We live on a farm about five minutes walk from the village. We have thirty-three head of cattle, eight horses, fourteen sheep and twelve pigs, besides thirty white Pekin ducks and twelve geese. For pets I have four dogs, one of them draws me on a sleigh in the winter time; her name is 'Lassie.' This is a very pretty country. Big gangs of sportsmen from the towns and cities spend the fall in a fine hunting country about ten miles north of here. My two older brothers Ted and Fred are going hunting this season with a gang from here. They always get two deer each. My sister Pearl is visiting auntie now. I go to school. Our preacher, Mr. Cragg, is a nice man. Norland is a little temperance village on the Gull river. There are two large stores, a post-office, two blacksmith shops, three carpenter shops, a saw-mill, shingle mill and lath mill, a Methodist church, a Salvation Army barracks, but no hotel. I was nine years old on Sept. 25.

ALDWIN L. C.

Belvidere, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old, and I live on a farm. We have ten cows, twenty-seven lambs, four calves and four pigs. I had a little black dog named 'Kruger,' but he ran away last month and I have not seen him since. I go to school and I am in the third reader; my teacher's name is Miss L. Beane; I have not missed a day of school this term. We live just three miles from the city of Sherbrooke, and three miles from Lennoxville. I have a pretty grey colt three years old; his name is 'Diamond'; my papa is going to break him this winter, then I will learn to drive him myself. I had two little black and white kittens; their names were 'Smut' and 'Spot,' but they both fell sick and died. We have meeting and Sunday-school in our school-house on Sunday; the Rev. J. R. Cooper is our minister and we all like him very much.

FRANK A. C.

South Tilley, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My mamma and papa have no children of their own, but they take care of two others beside me. We all go to school now. We are no relation to each other. I read in the fourth reader and study British and Canadian history, grammar, geography, health reader and arithmetic. I was fourteen the 22nd of last July. LIZZIE DeM.

Dawn Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' some time ago, but as I have not seen it in print, have concluded it was not interesting enough to publish. We have taken the 'Messenger' for fifteen years and could not do without it. We have 35 cattle, 7 horses, 25 pigs, 125 hens, and 30 turkeys. I have seven brothers and four sisters and two little sisters in heaven. I wonder if any other reader has so many brothers and sisters. My pets are three cats called 'Brindle,' 'Speckle' and 'General White.' I also have a dog named 'Rover.' My birthday is on May 7; I am 12 years old. I like very much to read; my favorite books are: 'Poor and Proud.' 'In His Steps' and 'The Twentieth Door.' If any of the readers

will please send me the song entitled 'My Grandfather's Clock' I would be much obliged. My address is: Millie Stinson, Dawn Mills, Ont.

Debec, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm; we have two cows and a young calf. I have two sisters and one brother. I have a tame rabbit, it is all white. My brother has a bicycle and I can ride on it. There is no school here now. I am in the third book. My birthday is on July 19.

JAN M. C. (Aged 10.)

Souris East, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' so I think I will try now. I live on Prince Edward Island; the woods and the flowers are very beautiful. I attend the public school every day. I am eight years old. I am in the fourth reader. After school I spend most of my time up at Dr. Muttart's; I go out to the woods with Gussie and the Doctor. The last day I went out I got a cup of raspberries; they were nice big ones. I like going out to the woods very much. To-day I had a cold and I could not go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Dumphy. I read a letter in the 'Messenger,' and the little girl was asking if any other little girl's birthday came on Oct. 7? Mine does; my next birthday I will be 9 years old; I am always glad when my birthday comes. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have no cats nor dogs to play with; I used to have a cat, and I played hospital and I had the cat for the doctor, and every time I would get through with her she would run downstairs; I had to hold her while I did have her; she ran away one day and never came back; but I think I am going to get another little white one. I like to tie a string around a spool and run around the house with it. I like animals very much. I read a good many stories about them. RAY.

Gibraltar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There are two churches near our place, one a Presbyterian and the other is a Methodist; I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there; I like reading it very much, especially the letters from the little girls and boys. We live ten miles from Collingwood town; we have to go down a great big mountain when going to Collingwood; there are no more hills to climb but one after we go down the mountain. I live on a farm. I have one sister and six brothers. I go to school every day; the school-house is just across the road from our place; our teacher's name is Miss Newell, and all the scholars like her very much. I am in the third book. I hope to see my letter in the correspondence page. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

JESSIE McF. (Age 13.)

Strathcona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although I have received the 'Northern Messenger' over two years, this is my first letter. In a recent week's 'Messenger' I saw a detter from California, written by Viola Van Wagner, of Santa Cruz, California. Mamma was born and raised in Corralitos, Cal., which is a village not far from Santa Cruz. I, too, was born in Corralitos. We have not been living very long in Ontario. Papa is a peper-maker, and he doesn't stay long in one place unless he likes it. We have travelled through California, Oregon and Washington and across Uncle Sam's mountains, plains, and rivers to Cleveland, Ohio. But the most pleasant trip was from Cleveland to Montreal; we had a very good view of two of the great lakes, Erie and Ontario, and the Niagara Falls. I am a member of the Baptist Church of Lachute, Que. There are only two churches here, the Church of England and the Methodist Church; I attend the Methodist Church, Sunday-school and Epworth League. I am glad to say there are no saloons nor hotels here. We all enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much and wish it every success.

LILLIE J. HUNTER.

(This is a nicely-written letter.—Ed.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Old-Fashioned Custards

(Mrs. Helen E. Richardson, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Just listen!' exclaimed Dorothy, as she lifted her head from the cookbook she had been studying for the last half hour. 'We Twentieth Century people might read this chapter on custards with profit. I'm going to try some of them.'

'Wait until I go back to college; mother's receipts are good enough for me,' spoke up Ted, flashing a contemptuous glance at the ragged and time-stained book that Dorothy had found up in the attic. Nowise daunted, however, Dorothy continued to compare and ponder.

'Fastidious Ted may be glad to sample them,' she mused, tying on a big apron, and taking an anxious survey of the pantry shelves. Eggs and milk were at hand; as also were sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon; but 'ground rice,' 'potato flour,' 'loaf sugar,' and 'rose water,' here was a dillemma.

Suddenly Dorothy remembered a bottle way back in the corner of the top shelf that she had come across one day. How long it had been there she couldn't tell; years, and years, she guessed, at any rate ever since she could remember.

'Dear grandmother must have made it,' she soliloquized, handling the bottle with tender care. It certainly looked ancient enough to warrant the remark; Dorothy removed the stopper and took a long delighted sniff.

'I've half a mind to wait till Ted goes back; he doesn't deserve anything so delicious,' she murmured.

She decided not to meddle with 'ground rice' and 'potato flour' until she knew more about them; and as this receipt was the only one requiring loaf sugar she had her material at hand. At the dinner table Ted gave a contemptuous sniff when Dorothy placed a dish of custard beside his plate, remarking as she did so:

'Mother's custards suit you so well, you may not like this; I shall not compel you to eat it.' He tasted, and ate the whole, remarking, when he had finished:

'It isn't half bad, after all, Sis, but it is the flavoring that redeems it. What did you flavor it with? something new, I reckon.'

'Rosewater, made by Grandmother Reyburn. It's an old-fashioned extract, my dear; pray don't mention it to your college friends.'

Following are the receipts that Dorothy found in the old cook book, introduced by these general remarks:

'In making custards, always avoid stale eggs. When eggs are used, the whites should be beaten separately, and put in the last thing. Never put eggs in very hot milk, as it will poach them. Always boil custards in a vessel set in boiling water.'

Boiled Custards—Boil a quart of milk with a little cinnamon, and half a lemon peel, sweeten it with nice white sugar, strain it, and when a little cooled mix in gradually seven well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of rose water. Stir all together over a slow fire till it is of proper thickness, and then pour it into your glasses. This makes good boiled custards.

Another way—Take six eggs, leave out the whites, mix your eggs and sugar together with some rose water, then boil a pint of rich milk and put in the eggs; let it simmer a minute or two, and stir it to prevent its curdling.

Baked Custard—Two quarts of milk, twelve ounces of sugar, twelve eggs, four spoonfuls of rose water, and one nutmeg.

Cream Custard—Eight eggs beaten and put into two quarts of cream, sweetened to the taste, a nutmeg and a litle cinnamon.

Common Custard—Boil a pint of milk with a bit of cinnamon and lemon peel, mix one tablespoonful of potato flour with two of cold milk, put in a sieve and pour the boiling milk upon it, let it run in a basin, mix in by degrees the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Sweeten and stir it over the fire a few minutes to thicken.

Rice Custard—Mix a pint of milk, a pint of cream, an ounce of sifted ground rice, two tablespoonfuls of rose water, sweeten with loaf sugar, and stir all well together till it nearly boils, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir and let it simmer for about a minute, pour it into a dish or serve it in cups, with sifted loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over the top.

Potato Cakes.—A cupful of finely-mashed potatoes, as much flour, and an ounce of butter, with a teaspoonful of baking powder, and half as much salt, rub them well together, then make into a stiff paste with an egg and very little milk. Roll out to a full inch in thickness, score the cakes into quarters, crush the surface with milk or dissolved butter, and bake to a rich brown. Split open, butter and eat whilst hot.

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